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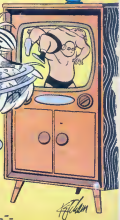
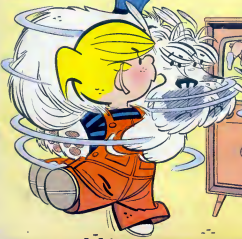
Dennis The MENACE

No. 22

10c



Special Award Winner
DENNIS THE MENACE
"The Best Comic Magazine of
1955 for its wholesome content
and entertainment value."
Boys Club of America
National Honor - champion of the hour



Dennis THE MENACE



"LUCKY THING WE PUT ON OUR RUBBER BOOTS!"



"NOW DENNIS A DINING ROOM CHAIR THAT'S MORE 'PV-6422'!"



"IF IT'S A BIRDIE, CAN I HAVE HIS FLASHLIGHT?"



"I WOULDN'T EVEN TREAT RUFF LIKE YOU GUYS TREAT ME!"

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DENNIS

VS.



TELEVISION



LOOK FOR THIS SEAL WHEN YOU BUY A COMIC MAGAZINE.
IT GUARANTEES QUALITY AND WHOLESOME ENTERTAINMENT.



And the boy or girl who brings the most Zippy Oats boxtops gets a prize!

THAT'S ME!



Don't be silly, Dennis! You don't *LIKE* Zippy Oats... remember?

For a **BIG PRIZE** I **LOVE** 'em!

CLICK!



Let's buy **LOTSA** Zippy Oats, Mom. **RIGHT NOW!**

We'll buy **ONE** box. Do you want to run down to the store and get it?



Hi, **TOMMY!** I'm gonna get a Zippy Oats boxtop for Happy Harry!

I'M gonna get **THO** of 'em!



I'm gonna get **LEVEN-TEEN!**

With a **QUARTER?**



HEY! YOU CAN'T DO THAT, DENNIS!

SURE I CAN! It's **EASY!**

OH, NO!



I don't think the grocery man liked what you did, Dennis!

Well, gosh! I gotta keep *Happy Harry* happy, don't I?



Hi! Here's a note from the grocery man!

A note?



It's a **BILL!**

FOR 42 **BOXES** OF **ZIPPY CATS!**



What does this mean, Dennis?

You **CAN'T** have 42 boxes of cereal in that little box!



Who wants the boxes? I got the **TOPS!**



Up to bed with you! And no dinner for you tonight!

Not even some *Zippy cats!*



Well, you must admit he figured out how to get a lot of hotspots!

YEAH, and he also figured out how to get dinner in bed!

THE DAY OF THE SHOW



Can't we go any faster, Dad?

Not with **ME** driving, we can't!



Okay! Let **ME** drive!

You've been driving me for five years!

HENRY! LOOK!



What's going **ON** here! **A RIOT?**

Or a **FIRE?**



Children! Hundreds of them!

OUCH! WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING!

OW! I'll punch ya right in th knee!



G'MON! YOU GUYS ARE TOO SLOWPONEY!

BUT STOP ME!

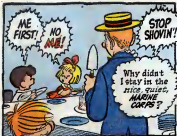


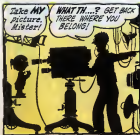
YEAH!











SHINE THOSE EYES!

WATCH OUT!

OUCH!

HEY!

CATCH ME!

DENNIS! COME BACK HERE!

MY FEET!

GET OFF THAT TABLE!

This is the funniest show Harry's had yet!

I'm followin' the leader!

Stop pulling those switches!

What th' We're off the air again!

YOU'RE the engineer! Get us back ON again!

STOP them! YOU'RE the floor man!

HE did so I gotta!

I WAS you mean!

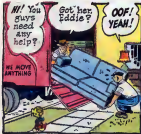
WHEE!

COME BACK HERE WITH THAT CAMERA!

YIPPEE!



DENNIS and the Little Lady





You talk just like a lady!

I **AM** a lady and I hope **YOU'RE** a **GENTLEMAN**



ME? HA, HA!
HO, HO!
HA, HA!

Why are you laughing, little boy? I didn't hear anything funny!



MARGARET! **DON'T DISTURB THE MOVING MEN!**

I'm not, Mother dear!

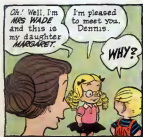
MOTHER DEAR?
BRO-THER!



This little boy seems to be our neighbor, Mother

And what's your name, Sonny?

I'm not little, an' I'm **NOT** Sonny! I'm **DENNIS**, an' I'm **HUNGRY!**



Oh! Well, I'm **MRS WADE** and this is my daughter **MARGARET**.

I'm pleased to meet you, Dennis.

WHY?



I hope we'll be friends, Dennis. Did you ever visit the people who used to live here?

YEAH! An' Mom says that's why they moved!



You'll have to improve your manners, or you'll have to leave the table!

Okay! I'm stuffed, anyways!



Will you introduce me to your parents?

Who? Oh... you mean Mom'n Dad!



Hi, Mom! This kid just moved in next door!

Hello, dear.

Pardon me.. I didnt catch the last name?



I didnt throw it!

I'm Mrs Mitchell, dear. And this is Mr. Mitchell.

How do you do! I'm Margaret Wade.



Would you like a cookie, dear?

No, thank you. I've already had Sufficient!

Sub? SUFFICIENT?

She talks like that all the time. Dad! What do ya s'pose is **WRONG** with her?





The bitter and the sweet



Poor! Boy, Tommy! What's the answer to number 28?

Tommy Rufus heard the whisper, but he didn't turn his head. He kept his eyes on his examination paper. He had just written the answer to question number 28, and he was pretty sure it was right, but he wasn't going to tell Bill Gray, beside him, the answer. He just couldn't.

"Comey, Tommy!" the whisper came again. "Be a pal, huh?"

Tommy gripped his pencil hard. Bill Gray was his friend, but he couldn't cheat for him, or anybody. Then he heard footsteps, and looked up. Miss Watson, their teacher, was coming down the aisle.

"What's this whispering?" she asked. "Were you exchanging answers, Bill Gray?"

"No, ma'am?" Bill said. "None!"

Miss Watson looked sternly down at Tommy. "Is that true?" she asked. "Did Bill ask you for any of the answers?"

Tommy stared at her, unable to speak. It would have been easy to say "No", and protect his friend, but again, he just couldn't. Miss Watson took in his silence grimly, then told Bill, "Continue with the test. And I assure you I'll check your paper very carefully!"

Walking home from school, Tommy tried to tell Bill that he just couldn't cheat, not for him or anyone, but Bill wouldn't listen. "Gosh, you'd think I was askin' you to commit a crime or something! Some pal you are!"

Tommy didn't tell him, none of his friends knew, why he couldn't ever lie or cheat, even in the smallest things. It was because his father, his own father, had once been a criminal!

It had been a long time ago, even before Tommy was born, and his father hadn't meant to commit a crime. He had told Tommy all about it, when he was old enough to understand, and Tommy would never forget his father's terrible lesson.

Fresh out of the Army, his father had been restless and uncertain about what kind of work he wanted to do. He became friendly with several other young men, equally restless, and one night found himself riding with them on what started to be an aimless drive and wound up in the holding up of a drug store. He had tried to

get out of it when he discovered what was going on, but the others forced him to go along. A passing policeman interrupted the robbery, and they all wound up in jail, Tommy's father as guilty as the rest. He got out on parole, but not until after many grim months and the invisible marks of prison made it difficult for him to get work.

Now, he had a little coffee shop for which he had worked hard and long. Tommy's mother was cook and Tommy, himself, helped out after school. But almost every day a policeman dropped in casually, either the patrolman on the beat, or a detective, for a cup of coffee. Tommy's father was extra polite and anxious to please them; but the policeman never smiled, and even their neighborhood patrolman, Officer Roark, never became friendly. Tommy knew his father was being watched, might be watched for the rest of his life, because of his one mistake. Tommy thought this was terribly unfair, but his father would only smile grimly and say, "They're doing their job, Tommy. We'll just have to take the bitter with the sweet."

Today, Tommy entered the coffee shop and called, "Hi, Dad!", but his father didn't answer. He was talking to a man sitting on one of the stools, who had his coat collar pulled up and his hatbrim pulled down over his eyes. "The hot meat loaf sandwich is nice," his father was saying. "So is the hot turkey. Or how about the meat loaf?" Tommy thought this was strange. The customers usually just read the menu and said what they wanted. But maybe this man had something wrong with his voice.

Tommy went back to the kitchen to take off his coat and put on his apron. "Hi, Mom!" he said. His mother looked up from the stove and smiled. "Hello, Tommy, you're right on time. How did your test go?"

Tommy was about to tell her, when his father came in. "One meat loaf special, Mary," he ordered. Tommy stared at him. His face was gray, and his hands were shaking.

"Dad! What's wrong? Are you sick?"

"Quiet!" his father whispered. "Just carry on as usual. It's almost time for the patrolman to stop in!"

"But what of that?" Tommy's mother said anxiously. "Ed, tell me! What's wrong?"

"All right, but keep quiet," Tommy's father licked his lips nervously. "It's the man I just walked on. I know him, back in those days. They call him Stammering Sam, because of the way he talks, and he just escaped from prison!"

"We'll have to tell Officer Roark when he comes in!" Tommy's mother said. "If the police find out he's been here, and we didn't tell them. . . ."

"But we can't!" Tommy's father said desperately. "Sam always carried a gun. Someone might get hurt. Now be careful, please!" He hurried back into the shop.

"Gosh, I never saw Dad so scared!" Tommy told his mother. "Can't we do anything?"

"Just do as your father said," she answered, dishing up the order. "And remember what he always says. We have to take the bitter with the sweet. Here, take this out to that—that man!"

Trembling, Tommy carried the plate out and set it on the counter before the man. Cold, slate gray eyes, like dirty ice, glistened at him and Tommy knew the man suspected they had been talking about him in the kitchen. "Any—anything else, Mister?" he gulped, and the man shook his head and began eating. Then Tommy knew why his father had read the news to him. The man didn't dare order, because his stammering might give him away to anyone on the look out for him.

The door opened and the neighborhood patrolman came in and took a seat in a booth, right behind Stammering Sam! Tommy hurried around to him with a cup of coffee. "How are you, Officer Roark?" Tommy asked loudly. "Catch any crooks today?" Maybe that would scare the escaped convict. But the man on the stool turned slightly, watching Tommy out of the corner of his eye, and Tommy remembered. He was armed! And the policeman, sitting in his heavy overcoat, wouldn't have a chance to get at his gun first. Maybe Tommy had placed him in danger! The policeman, unaware, adently stirred his coffee, and Tommy went back behind the counter.

He started one of his chores, filling the sugar containers and salt shakers. As he worked his way down the counter, he could see that Stammering Sam had almost finished his meat loaf plate. Tommy was spilling more salt and sugar than he was putting in the containers, wondering whether his father would get in trouble for not telling the policeman about the criminal. But he couldn't, without someone getting hurt!

Then Tommy was working directly in front of the man and suddenly he remembered what his father always said about taking the bitter with the sweet. He looked down at his large tin cans on the shelf under the counter, one holding sugar and the other salt. And without looking at the man, he reached for the pouring-type sugar container in front of him. Swiftly, he unscrewed the top and dumped the sugar in the sugar can. Then he filled the sugar container to the top with salt, screwed on the top, and placed it before the man.

BANG! Tommy started, almost dropping everything in his fright. But the man had just banged his water tumbler on the counter to get his attention, and was pointing to the coffee urn.

This was just what Tommy was hoping for!

Quickly, he drew a cup of coffee and placed it before the man, along with the cream pitcher. Then he started to fill another sugar container, but his heart was hammering. Suppose the man didn't use sugar? Then . . .

But the man grasped the container and started to pour—not just a little but a lot, greedily, because the sugar was free. He stirred, drank, then exploded into a cough.

"Wh-uh-what is th-this?" he stammered angrily. "S-s-salt in-instead of s-s-sugar?"

And Tommy saw Officer Roark, behind the man, start to jump. Tommy yelled! "Watch out, he's Stammering Sam! He's got a gun!"

There was a blur of motion, a woman screamed, crockery crashed, then the policeman and the criminal were locked in a deadly struggle. An ugly automatic slattered to the floor. Stammering Sam grunted, his arm twisted in a crushing grablock. "I've got him," the officer panted. "Call the precinct!" And Tommy's father grabbed the phone.

Later, Officer Roark came back to the shop, and for the first time he smiled at Tommy and his father. "Nice work, Tommy!" he said. "I was suspicious of Sam, and followed him in here, but I couldn't be sure until I heard him talk. You made him do that, all right, with that salt trick!" Then he turned to Tommy's father, "The boys at the precinct have heard about this," he said quietly, "and the word is going out to every policeman in the city. I think you'll find us a lot more friendly from now on. Most of us are married, too, and we take our families out to dinner sometimes, so I think things are going to be all right for you."

Then his face went grim. "Just one thing!" he said harshly.

"What—what's that?" Tommy's father said nervously.

The officer's face split into a grin. "When we come here," he chuckled, and Tommy laughed in relief. "Just be sure that Tommy doesn't get the sugar and salt mixed up for us!"



RUFF STUFF



HEY, DENNIS!
IT'S GOIN'!

Who?
Santa Claus?



No, the *DOG CATCHER*!!
He's takin' away all the
dogs that dont have
tags on their collars!

GOSH!



HEY!
Where's
RUFF'S
COLLAR?

WHAH!
WHERE IS
IT, BOY?

?



Maybe it's in
my room!
Cmon an' help
me find it!

SURE! We
dont want
Good ol'
Ruff to go
to jail!

If they take Ruff away, they gotta take me, too!

You tell 'em, Dennis!



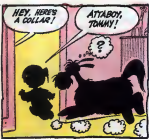
Where'd you leave your collar, huh?

Maybe it's in one of these other rooms.



HEY, HERE'S A COLLAR!

ATTABOY, TOMMY!



That's not Ruff's.. that's one my Grampa left here

Well it's a collar isn't it?



I know what! Let's fool that mean ol' dog catcher an' dress up Ruff just like Granpa!

YEAH! We'll FOX him!



Stand STILL, boy!

Let's put this stuff on him, too!







Chub







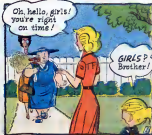


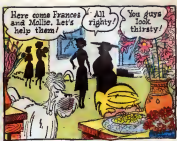
HERE'S A PAGE FOR YOU TO COLOR!



" YOU SHOULD SEE *MY* SWING, I GOT A WHITE SIDEWALL!"

DENNIS STEALS THE SHOW









Thank you, Dennis. Now go back in the house please!

Ruff 'n me are lonesome!



Hey! There's a bee bitin' the flowers!



Get him, Ruff!

GROW!

My Bellis Perennis!
My Chrysopsis Mariana!
My Dianthus Caryophyllus!

DENNIS!



If I'm any judge..and I AM a judge ..this show is over!

Oh, Dennis!

It's okay, Mom...we chased the bee away!



Never mind about those ol' flowers, Mom..I'll buy you lotsa them when I grow up!

Yes, dear, But when? WHEN will you grow up?

Dennis THE MENACE



"WATCH OUT FOR THAT ROLLER SKATE!"



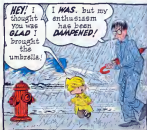
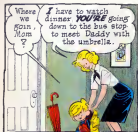
"STOP THAT YELLIN', MOM! YOU'RE SCARIN' MY 'NORRUM!"



"I KNOW YOU'RE NOT A BABY, BUT YOU'RE TOO LITTLE TO WALK AROUND IN THIS STORE!"



"Hi Mom! WHO? THE BABY-SITTER? Ah, SHE CHOKED OFF AND WENT HOME."



The Dennis Project



DENNIS THE MENACE # 22

May 1957 - Standard/Pines

"DENNIS VS. TELEVISION" 8 PGS

"DENNIS AND THE LITTLE LADY" 4 PGS

"THE BITTER AND THE SWEET"

DEB STORY 4 PGS WRITER UNKNOWN

"RUFF STUFF" 4 PGS

"CHUB" 4 PGS

"DENNIS STEALS THE SHOW" 4 PGS

STORY AND ART FOR THE ENTIRE ISSUE BY THE
LEGENDARY **FRED TOOLE AND AL ROSSMAN**

36 Pages Total - Over to Over COMPLETE

HaCSA
Presents

... **ANOTHER ESCAPE SCAN**
FROM MEMBER SINCE DAY ONE!

